

The Critic

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A Word for the Watts Collection.

I HAVE it on my mind to say a word or two on the collection of pictures by Mr. Watts now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. I went there with the strong prejudice against him and his work of one who has been educated in the modern French school. It so happened that I first passed through the collection of Old Masters. When I entered the room containing the Watts collection, my first glance around the walls showed me his weaknesses and shortcomings. It was easy to see that he lacks training; that he blunders now and then; that he takes no account of the requirements of modern realism as to truth of value and atmosphere; that he makes mistakes in drawing of which the smallest of the small men that take the Prix de Rome would be incapable; that, as I have heard it put, 'he does not know when he is making a fool of himself.' One saw at once that nothing could be easier than to pick flaws everywhere, and to cover him with ridicule. But one felt also a sort of kinship with the Old Masters whose work I had just left, and a glimpse at some of the tawdry French clevernesses in the next room—such, for instance, as Bonnat's portrait of John Taylor Johnston—gave one a sudden revolt at their cheapness and vulgarity. I have left a Salon, crowded with the brilliant workmanship of the most brilliant school of art in the world, with a sickening distaste for art in general and a weary what-is-the-use-of-it-all feeling. I left the Metropolitan Museum the other day with a fresh and vigorous inspiration, and a new longing to do some worthy work.

What is it in these paintings, with their often feeble and almost fumbling technique, that fills one with something of the same vigorous inspiration that one draws from a sight of the masterpieces of Titian or Tintoretto? What is it that makes one willing to forget the hot color and hatched and plastered technique of Millet and to feel more truth and more art there than in the cleverest realism of the cleverest Prix de Rome? It is *not* the literary spirit. Nothing could be more frankly un-literary than the art of the great Venetians, and if Mr. Watts has something of their power it is not through his English literary bias. The most I would say for his elaborate allegory is that it does no harm, and that, as was said of 'The Faery Queen,' 'the allegory will not bite you.' And yet there is a great truth in his feeling that it is the end and not the means that one must regard in art. The saying that 'art is a means and not an end' is as true as it is old, but every art expresses thoughts or feelings proper to it alone, and as the feelings expressed by a Beethoven symphony could be expressed in no other way, so the feelings to be expressed by paintings are those which painting alone can explain; and we may be sure that whatever can be put into a catalogue is *not* the real subject of any worthy painting. 'The allegory will not bite you,' but it is not that that is the picture: it is rather a peg to hang the picture on. The *picture* is the beauty, or the truth, or the sublimity, that lines and light and shade and color alone can convey.

Mr. Watts's kinship with Titian and with Millet and with the great artists of all times is in this, that he has fixed his mind solely upon the thing to be expressed, and has left the means, in great measure, to take care of themselves. There is a large seriousness about him—a *souffle d'art*, as the French say—and a singleness of purpose in all his work. His portraits may not be as cleverly handled as Bonnat's, but they are infinitely better because they are infinitely more respectful. He has thought of the man, of his character, and tried to realize that, and has not thought of his head as of a block which is to be made to stand out from the canvas, or as a field for the display of brilliant handling. And in his pictures he has aimed at some beauty of color or some sublimity of line, and in the endeavor to attain that has cared nothing for display of any sort, or for the effect of his work in an exhibition. What is inspiring in him is this intense seriousness of pre-occupation—this artistic conscience. He 'does not know when he is making a fool of himself' any more than did Tintoretto or Blake. He is above ridicule. Surely he would be no worse if he had a more complete equipment, and it is no merit in him that a leg is out of drawing; but let us give him a fair chance. Let us approach him as we approach an Old Master, for what he has, and not for what he has not. It is true that a man of Titian's calibre would possess to-day all the knowledge of to-day, as Titian possessed all the knowledge of his day, but it is no dispraise to Mr. Watts to say that he is not of Titian's calibre. Let us be content that he gives us something of what Titian gives us and refrain to ask of him what he has not.

And what he has is a great deal. If he cannot draw as correctly as Gerome, he can compose the lines of a figure much as Tintoretto might have done it. If his heads do not stand out like Bonnat's, they look out at you with something of the intense humanity of Titian's. If his figures have not their exact value against the sky, yet their palpitating flesh swims in an atmosphere of color. In short, he is one who has learned that the world of fact and the world of art are two, and that the highest aim of art is beauty, and the lowest, imitation; and while he is as easy to be criticised as Giorgione, he is, in his degree, as worthy to be loved. At his best he is very noble, and at his worst he is still serious, and therefore more to be admired than a Salon-full of prize-men painting for momentary effect. I must not lengthen this notice by speaking of particular pictures, or by trying to separate his failures from his successes. I have read that 'Mr. Watts has nothing to teach us.' If he can teach us the value of a serious preoccupation, whether in beauty or in truth; if he can teach us the manly scorn of tricks of the gallery and the exhibition, and the mean desire to eclipse others and to gain applause; if he can teach us to dare to be ourselves, and to strive singly for the expression of whatever truth, whatever beauty, whatever nobility, it is in us to see, regardless of sneers and of ridicule;—he will have taught us much, and we shall owe a great debt of gratitude to this great and true artist.

KENYON COX.

Reviews

"Pre-Historic America."*

THIS is a useful survey of American archæology, the result of a sifting of the whole body of observation and interpretation by one who has a cool brain within his skull and displaying everywhere a sense of evidence and a feeling for reality. There has hardly been a field of historical research, where, to the same extent as in this, the imagination of travellers and students has taken the bit between its teeth and whirled its breathless rider through worlds of monstrosity. Yet M. de Nadaillac bears himself in the presence of mad hypotheses with as much courtesy as if he were presented to the hypothetizers in a drawing-room. Speaking of

* Pre-Historic America. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by N. d'Anvers. Edited by W. H. Dall. With 219 illustrations. \$5. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the remains at Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, he writes: 'The hieroglyphics are still undeciphered, and we know of but one exception, which we quote with all due reservation, and then only since it has been published by the authority of an important scientific body, the American Antiquarian Society' (the Worcester society). This is charmingly done. Those who have read Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon's interpretations published by the Worcester society without a disclaimer of responsibility will realize the innuendo, in eye and lip, with which the writer doubtless penned these words. The general reader, however, should be warned that in spite of the gratitude and respect with which the excavations of Dr. Le Plongeon must always be welcomed, seeing that he and his excellent wife have with admirable zeal devoted health, strength and money to the cause of science, the interpretations he puts upon the antiquities discovered by him should be, we will not say received with caution, but dismissed as the workings of a heated brain.

The translation of the French original has been edited by a competent hand—that of Mr. W. H. Dall, who from his wide knowledge of the results of investigation into races and remains north of Mexico has completed the work in that direction. It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Dall, neither in text nor notes, has enabled the reader to separate the original and the editorial supplement. Justice has hardly been done, by choice of illustrations or by insistence in the text, to the excellence achieved by the Peruvians in modelling the human face as seen, nearly in life-size, on many pieces of pottery, or by the native Mexicans in portraiture. The Metropolitan Museum contains in the collection lent by Dr. Robert Lamborn little terracotta human heads that are marvels of characterization; others, the heads of imaginary animals, are full of humor. They are veritable revelations, after an acquaintance confined to the hideous terracotta figures of gods—hideous not only in ugliness, but in their impotent reproduction of human forms, no better than the gingerbread plastic art of the shopwomen in our country villages.—Our author and his American editor lend the weight of their opinion to the one view admissible to minds possessed of a sense for evidence—that the Mound Builders were the Indians of the Mississippi Valley, contemporaries of those on the Atlantic Slope who met the English colonists in New England and Virginia. So, also, that the races that filled the forests of Yucatan and Guatemala with stone masonry and architecture and covered their buildings with sculptured decoration as florid as that of Eastern Asia, were to the Indians conquered by the Spaniards no vanished people, but sometimes their contemporaries and sometimes their forefathers, in either case one with them, just as the palaces of the Renaissance and the minsters of the Middle Ages are to modern Europe the work of its fathers, and not of giants and goblins.

The closing chapter, on the origin of man in America, is mostly the work of Mr. Dall, who believes Asia to have been the home of the American aborigines, and not America the cradle of the human race itself. He affirms the possibility of two routes of immigration, on the north by Behring Strait, and on the south by an island route along a line not far outside of the Tropic of Capricorn. He sweeps away the rubbish of derivation from such races as the Chinese, Japanese, etc., and the still more ridiculous hypothesis of Egyptian and Phœnician origin. Finally, the important principle is emphasized, that the unity of the human race has conditioned throughout the world a unity of primitive culture. Hence the reaction now setting in against pushing to extremes the desire to derive one race from another on account of similarity of simple religious ideas, and simple implements. The appreciation of this law would have precluded such controversies as that between the classical archaeologists, Helbig and Conze, over the authorship of the geometric decoration of early European pottery. Was it brought from the distant Aryan home in Asia, or was it

learned from the Semites after the settlement in Europe? But Semper had already pointed out with universal acceptance that decoration with chequers, straight and curved lines, dots, circles, etc., is partly the imitation of basket and mat weaving, and partly due to the ease with which marks can be made on clay pots before firing. These simple arts and their accompanying decoration have been practised by American Indians and Polynesians as well as by ancient Germans and Italians.

"My Farm of Edgewood."*

WE did not have the pleasure of reading 'My Farm' on its first appearance, twenty years ago (the generation to which we belong was at that time occupied with Defoe and Grimm); but having just laid down this leisurely and loving chronicle of rural life, we are prepared to assure its elder readers that they may safely, with liveliest anticipation of enjoyment, revisit its leaves, which, as by some secret charm, are preserved undeciduous, dewy-fresh, and blithe with a summery susurrus. We cast about to find some characterization of this preserving charm, when the author comes to our aid, observing that the reader will have discovered that the book is neither wholly practical, nor fanciful wholly, but rather 'fruit from a graft of the fanciful set upon the practical.' The knotty and gnarly limbs of fact are, under his management, made to blossom as the rose—or as the apple. What wonder if the delightful results completely hide the crab stock and the difficulties that may have attended its culture? *Quid faciat letas segetes* is the theme; but Edgewood tillage has in view not less the crops of thought and fancy than those of vegetable growth. Whether the question be one of dressing for the soil, or the renovation of an insect-infested, mossy orchard, or the planning of a garden,—each little detail of the procedure becomes of absorbing interest to the reader. It may very likely chance that our knowledge is no more accurate than that of the city guest who knew not Devon from Short Horn; yet, whether the inquiry relate to pasture and shelter for the dairy herd, to the treatment for a kicking cow (*Quæ cura boum!*), or to the kindred consideration of 'Milk-maydes' (how delightfully risible his alternate songs with the pensive and poetic Overbury!)—the Farmer of Edgewood leads us captivated with his bucolic theme. If we have a constitutional fondness for figures, we are courteously invited to look over the credit and debit tables of the farm accounts; if our taste should incline toward the bookish, there is the library with its pleasant hobnobbing company of racy old English and stately Latin authorities on agriculture; on the one hand quaint Gervase Markham and his fellows, on the other, Xenophon, Virgil, and 'that elegant heathen, Columella.' But if our taste be purely for out-of-door things, there are the sight and scent of the blooming lilacs, or the woody nooks where the violet and the anemone keep tryst with the children; or let us go feast our eyes on the prospect of the eighty-acre field where the division fences have been done away with—much to the scandalization of certain 'astute old gentlemen' of the neighborhood, jealous for the ancient worship of the god Terminus.

Many a glowing bit of eclogue blooms along the pages of this New England Georgic. Take, for instance, the passage extolling the Lawton blackberry. When the children report the berries ripe, the master of the garden knows that they are only black; when the children say that the birds are taking the berries, he can still afford to wait; but when they say that the bees are on the berries,—then he knows that the fruit has reached its delicious maturity. But the owner of 'My Farm' has no narrow prejudice for the indigenous; he finds the New England soil a kindly *humus* for such seed of his traveller's reminiscences as he chooses to sow. If he has a tender little monograph commemorating the white daisy of his native fields which he once found

* *My Farm of Edgewood.* By Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel). \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

blooming in an Old-World shop-window, he has also a delicate tribute, full of fancy and picture, to the Kenilworth Ivy — 'poor little exiled creeper from Kenilworth.' The tenant farm-house which he builds is agreeably mixed in its architectural style; a parsonage in Westmoreland has just such a porch, and the chimneys of his cottage, with their block-work of cobble and brick, remind him of those upon country-houses in Lombardy.

"Fifty Years Among Authors and Publishers,"*

MR. J. C. DERBY, who gives his recollections of fifty years in this stout volume, is one of the veterans of the book-trade. Fifty years ago he was an apprentice with the late Henry Ivison at Auburn, N. Y. With this excellent master he learned to bind books and to sell them. At the latter business he was the more successful. After spending sixteen years in selling books for other people, he 'set up for himself,' still at Auburn, under the firm style of J. C. Derby & Co., the 'Co.' being Henry Ivison, Jr. This firm flourished for five years. Mr. Derby's next important step was his removal to New York, where he has lived ever since, with the exception of a short time passed in the South. In 1844 J. C. Derby & Co. published their first book—'Conference Hymns, with Tunes Adapted to Religious Meetings for Prayers.' The authors were Rev. Josiah Hopkins and H. Ivison, Jr. Other looks followed until the firm had a large and fine list of American and foreign authors—'Fanny Fern,' Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, J. T. Headley, William H. Seward, and many others. Mr. Derby's business naturally threw him among publishers and authors, and he devotes a chapter to each of the most prominent of these. His acquaintance with the Harpers began when J. & J. Harper published books in Cliff Street. His recollections of the late Henry Ivison are particularly apropos; and the chapter on William H. Seward, who was his life-long friend, is a most interesting one.

Mr. Derby published for S. G. Goodrich, who would be remembered in the book-world for having introduced Nathaniel Hawthorne to the public, if he had not been famous on his own account as 'Peter Parley.' Mr. Derby has the original of a letter written by Hawthorne to Goodrich in 1830, to accompany two stories for 'The Token.' 'You can insert them (if you think them worthy a place in your publication) as by the author of "Provincial Tales"—such being the title I propose to give my volume. I can conceive no objection to your designating them in this manner, even if my tales should not be published as soon as "The Token," or, indeed, if they never see the light at all. An unpublished book is not more obscure than many that creep into the world, and your readers will suppose that "Provincial Tales" are among the latter.' Between this and the publication of 'Twice-Told Tales,' Hawthorne did a great deal of hack-work for Goodrich—some of which, it is said, appeared over the name of 'Peter Parley.'

Mr. Derby's fund of anecdote is inexhaustible. He tells of Horace Greeley that when Mr. Bonner offered him a large sum for his 'Recollections of a Busy Life,' to be published in the *Ledger*, Mr. Greeley said he would think about it. Mr. Bonner knew that that meant he would consult his friends and they would of course advise him to publish the 'Recollections' in the *Tribune*; so he invited Mr. Greeley to breakfast with him the next morning, and drawing up a cheque for the full amount, laid it on the author's plate. Mr. Greeley, who was generally in need of money, couldn't resist the temptation, and Mr. Bonner won his point. It would be impossible even to enumerate the many distinguished men and women of whom Mr. Derby has much to say that is new and interesting. He tells of the beginnings of some of the most important books that have been published in this country, and of the successes and failures of authors whose names are household words. To every one

interested in books, their authors, and their publishers, Mr. Derby's recollections open up a storehouse of history and anecdote.

"Leisure Hours Among the Gems."*

DR. HAMLIN's book on gems is full of information pleasantly and unobtrusively conveyed. Having been lately in Mexico, we turned impatiently to the chapter on opals; and there we found chatty and agreeable pages on this loveliest of precious stones, which abounds in the mines of our southern neighbor. Strange to say, however, nothing is said about the now famous mines of Queretaro, not far from the City of Mexico, where beautiful and brilliant stones are found, though the Honduras and Central American stone-mines are pretty fully discussed. Dr. Hamlin appears to overlook the superstition of the Evil Eye connected with the mysterious shooting and flashing of the light in the eye-like opal, though he mentions the belief that the stone is an unlucky one. It is the most fatal of wedding presents. In Mexico we saw hundreds, of every shade and hue, some clear as water-drops with atoms of emerald and ruby fire imprisoned in them; others blood-red with a fiery Saturn-ring round the outside; fisheyes with a jewelled glint in the eyeball; crystal kernels embedded in yellow fire; milk-opals with their wondrous iridescence, like pearls with a soul in them; and every imaginable prank played by prismatic light on hydrated crystalline surfaces. Nothing could exceed the exquisiteness of the numberless specimens displayed in their hiding-places of black oiled tissue-paper. Dr. Hamlin devotes other chapters to the diamond, emerald, and sapphire, and combines entertainment with instruction in the course of his discussions.

The History of Icaria.†

COMMUNISM does not thrive on American soil, but the history of the attempts to make it do so is full of instruction. To the zest for political and social studies at the Johns Hopkins University we are indebted for one of the most interesting accounts of such an experiment. Its history has been carefully told, with a clear insight into its significance, and with literary skill. 'Icaria' was the name given to an ideal commonwealth in a French novel of a somewhat similar character to More's 'Utopia.' But Etienne Cabet, its author, was quite in earnest in writing of an ideal state, and was prepared to realize it by his own efforts. Such was his own enthusiasm, and such the state of the public mind in France, that he awakened great enthusiasm in behalf of a new form of society. Thousands, even hundreds of thousands, rallied about him, and were eager to establish such a social life as would avoid the evils under which they suffered. A plan of organization was drawn up, and a colony was fitted out to seek a new home in Texas; and in a few months a hundred thousand were to follow. Then came the revolution of 1848, and with it the collapse of Cabet's projects. He had gone on to Texas, with three parties of his followers; but that State did not prove to be to their purpose. Then they settled at Nauvoo, which the Mormons had left after the death of Smith. A division followed, and one party went to St. Louis, where it disappeared with the coming on of the War. The other settled in Iowa, where another division recently took place, one party going to California. The Icarians have a common table, but separate houses and a family life. They are in some degree disciples of August Comte, and they are thorough-going altruists and positivists. Several of the leaders of the Internationalists found their way to them after the collapse of the Commune in 1871. Their leaders have always been educated and cultivated men, and they have done much through their writings to propagate Communism both in this country and in France. No other similar experiment in this country

* Fifty Years Among Authors, Books and Publishers. By J. C. Derby. Sold by subscription only. New York: G. W. Carleton.

* Leisure Hours Among the Gems. By A. C. Hamlin. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
† Icaria. A Chapter in the History of Communism. By Albert Shaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

presents so much that is romantic and interesting as the history of Icaria. Mr. Shaw deserves much credit for the faithful manner in which he has studied its history, and the very instructive narrative which he has given us of it. His most suggestive and interesting chapter is that in which he describes other experiments of a socialistic character in the West, and the men who have taken part in them.

"A Study of the Drink Question."*

A WELL prepared summary of the arguments for temperance has long been needed. Such a work Mr. Gustafson has given to the public in his 'Foundation of death.' He is an earnest believer in the temperance cause, but he is not a fanatic. He has brought together all the arguments for that cause, quoted liberally from physicians and others entitled to speak with authority, arranged his facts and arguments in a systematic form, and made the best book yet published on the subject. There is nothing new in it, no fresh arguments or added facts; but the old facts and arguments are marshalled in formidable array, and in such a manner as to be most effective in an attack on the enemy. The author devotes four chapters to the history of intemperance and intoxicants, and to adulteration; then he takes up in succession the physiological, pathological, moral, hereditary, medicinal and social results of the use of alcohol. On each of these topics he writes not merely as an advocate, but as one who is above all things anxious to find what will most conduce to the good of the race. In two succeeding chapters he treats of the causes of alcoholism and of specious reasonings on the nature of intemperance. In the concluding chapter he considers what is to be done about it—how the evil of intemperance can be stayed. His preference is for moral suasion, but he gives prohibition credit for what it has done and what it can do. Here he writes at his best, and he shows himself to be a right-minded student of the cause he advocates. A calm, judicious and sound spirit marks the book in all parts of it, and the most untiring industry is shown in the collection of facts and opinions. Never forgetting the truth to become a partisan, Mr. Gustafson presses home his arguments with all the logic of facts and all the earnestness of a moral enthusiast. In fact, he has made a book which must become the *vade mecum* and the cyclopædia of all who are desirous of information on the temperance cause. An extensive bibliography makes the book still more valuable to those seeking for information on the subject.

"Tales of Three Cities."†

How nimbly the volatile children of Mr. Henry James's pen trip the light fantastic toe through the press! The magician stands at one end of the tube, and at the other, *presto!* a delicate world emerges, painted with all the dyes of the Indies, full of marvellous tricks and turns and reflections, a *Seifenblase* charged with light and imagery, reproducing with delicate precision all the hues of the time. All of us smiled over that piquant piece of impressionism—"The Impressions of a Cousin,"—and rolled its crisp and nervous English, its enchanting affectations, even its brilliant vamping, under our tongues. It sparkled with wit as with frost, and was full of paradox, contrast, and surprise. Then the slow trail of the gorgeous 'Lady Barberina'—'daughter of a hundred earls'—passed across our vision with a new international entanglement, and a new world of felicities and melodies in its English. We were, of course, outraged at its implied possibilities—the descent of a goddess from her pedestal to the low level of American millions, and the vision of Nausikaa washing clothes by the seaside; but it all sounded so perfectly proper in the illuminated tongue which Mr. James speaks—who, indeed as the French say, never 'parle à tort et à travers,'—it all sounded

so musical and convincing and flattering, we say, that we half forgave him for its slur on the English, and longed, as in the realm of babyhood, to have him 'do it again.' And hardly had we lost sight of the second Cinderella—who vanishes with a flash from this ball of impalpabilities and pruderies, of diaries and of internationalism—when lo! 'A New England Winter' is frosted against the pane with all its delicate architecture and its æolian hum, caught in crystal, as on a December night. More nervous English, bright art-talk, love complications, pungent analysis, phrase-painting. But—read for yourself!

Minor Notices.

A DELIGHTFUL holiday book is 'Pilgrims and Shrines,' by Eliza Allen Starr—(Chicago: Union Catholic Publishing Co.)—more delightful to those who already know the secret places of Rome than to those whose minds are distracted with the multitudinous calls on their attention while in the Eternal City on a short visit. Miss Starr has carefully separated her work from that of the guide-books. Indeed, many of the spots she has so well described and illustrated by her delightful etchings are never indicated by those books to which we look, when travelling, for all our information. As they have left these out, so has she carefully omitted all mention of Roman antiquities, or mediæval remains, or palaces, or galleries of art. She has left out paganism, evidently thinking there is no time for that; she has omitted the fine arts which take up so many precious hours; and she has devoted herself and her fifty-three etchings to the saints and martyrs and their dusty and neglected shrines, forgotten by the worldlings, remembered only by the faithful. To those who can take this book with them on a long visit to Rome it will be invaluable; for in the long drives about the old city, one often passes close to some hidden treasure, and would gladly stop and rest the mind where a mossy court with broken pavement and high gates shuts out from the hot and dusty street the place of repose of some long-dead saint; where a fountain trickles musically under the dark arches, and where for an hour one may escape the hurry and aimless confusion of common tourist life. The book is written in charming style, with an easy demi-narrative of a party of travellers, all Catholics, and all loving the Church and its treasures more than any of the histories or intellectual associations that other travellers have with that Old Rome of which the attractions are so various. Miss Starr made her own sketches and her own etchings, for she is an accomplished artist as well as an agreeable writer. The book should have much interest for Protestants as well as Catholics.

'GARDEN OF THE HEART' is a collection of twenty-five heart-shaped leaflets, each bearing a text from Scripture, with a few lines from George Herbert, Archbishop French, Frances Havergal and others, with a heart-shaped pamphlet cover, prettily fringed and arranged to hang as a banner. The heart never seemed to us especially adapted to decorative purposes, but the selections are good, each containing some garden metaphor.—'RUSTIC RHYMES AND BALLADS,' by Mrs. E. T. Corbett (New York: Howard Challen), is a little book full of good things. Of the kind of literature which so easily degenerates into what is hopelessly poor, it does not at any time fall below the standard of what is good in such literature; while 'Diamond cut Diamond,' and 'What Biddy Said in the Police Court' make the little book quite worth having.—'HEARTSEASE' is a pretty compilation of brief poetical extracts about pansies, arranged by Susie B. Skelding (White, Stokes & Allen), and gracefully illustrated in color by the author, with pansies for the covers.

THE 'Book of Cats and Dogs,' by James Johannot (Appleton), is a delightful little reading book for very young pupils, who will find in it little anecdotes giving simple information, very prettily illustrated. It is a wonder that these books can be prepared for twenty cents.—'CHATS,' by G. Hamlen (Lee & Shepard), is a series of pleasant little talks on a great variety of subjects, from politics to pirates, and from 'between meals' to 'she would be a poetess.' They are all sensible and to the point, if not particularly striking.—SOPHIE MAY'S 'Flaxie Frizzle Stories' (Lee & Shepard) are too well known as charming tales for little folks to need more than the announcement of a new one—'Flaxie Growing Up'—very prettily illustrated.

'THE MOUNTAIN ANTHEM'—that is to say, the Beatitudes put into rhyme—has for author Mr. William C. Richards, and is illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey with some pretty draw-

* The Foundation of Death. A Study of the Drink Question. By Axel Gustafson. Boston: Gian, Heath & Co.

† Tales of Three Cities. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

ings of flowers and some little figure designs which show artistic feeling. There is the usual illuminated cover with fringed edges. (Lee & Shepard. \$1.50).—BISHOP HEBER'S famous hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' (Lee & Shepard. \$1.50) is gotten up in the same style, with illustrations of the same order of merit, by Thomas Guilfoye and Edmund H. Garrett.

TO THOSE who have read his Life of Lamb in the English Men-of-Letters Series, the name of the Rev. Alfred Ainger on the title-page of a collection of the Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays of Charles Lamb, is a sufficient guarantee of good editing. The present volume (Armstrong: \$1.50) has been preceded by an edition of the essays written over the *nom de plume* of Elia; and a third and concluding volume, 'should it be called for,' will contain 'those slighter prose essays and *jeux d'esprit* which have been collected of late years and entitled '—not very felicitously, Mr. Ainger thinks—'Elia.' Believing Lamb to be the best judge of his own best work, Mr. Ainger has not included in the book before us those 'occasional verses—a few translations, epilogues and prologues, epigrams and political squibs, which have been of late years carefully gleaned' by other editors. A chronological order has been observed in the arrangement of the verses here presented, as this order not only throws much light on the outward course of the poet's life, but enables us to trace the literary influences under which he successively passed—the sonnets of Bowles, the religious blank verse of Cowper, and 'the seven-syllabled trochaic couplet' of Wither. Not the least entertaining, and certainly the most valuable part of the book, is that written when Lamb had, to use his own expression, 'dwindled into prose and criticism'—the papers on Shakspeare and the other Elizabethans (of whom Mr. Ainger calls Lamb himself the last), the essay on Hogarth, and the lucubrations on Burial Societies, the Melancholy of Tailors, the Inconveniences Resulting from being Hanged, etc. In the Introduction Mr. Ainger prints a copy of verses, hitherto unpublished, from the album of Miss Sophia Frend, now Mrs. Augustus De Morgan.

Recent Fiction.

ONE of the best translations, of those not historical novels, which Gottsberger has given us, is 'Our Own Set,' by Ossip Schubin, translated by Clara Bell. Its interest lies hardly in the story, though the story contains a little plot not unsuccessfully put together and told, but in the character-drawing, and in the author's terse, bright epigrams, which have the pleasant keenness of one whose gentle and transparent cynicism is not his least attractive quality. We are introduced to a little knot of people in Rome, and allowed to see them 'quite by ourselves, you know,'—i.e., in the little social whirl of exclusive dissipation which the very aristocratic are pleased to consider retirement; not because it is less gay, but because it excludes the world in general from its gayety. The story is short, but it is brilliant. There is not a page that does not hold one with a keen sense of enjoyment, and a certain delicacy running through all the brilliancy justifies one in a pleasure not exhausted by a single reading. A very original touch in the plot is where the prince, whose objection to the marriage had been feared, pours out all the indignation that his brother had feared for *taking* the step, for *not* taking it, when he finds in what a disgraceful way it has been avoided. We find that we had marked twenty-five pages for quotation, so it is impossible to think of quoting; but the key-note to the fineness of spirit in the thing, aside from the brilliancy of its epigram, is in the rendering in a single sentence of the young girl's righteous indignation against her lover: 'She did not shrink from him as she went by;—she did not see him!'

THE Franklin Square Library is certainly raising its standard. It is long since we have had in it a merely flashy or trashy novel. 'By Mead and Stream,' by Charles Gibbon, is not only, as its name implies, free from the wearisome frivolities of worldly life, but superior to the average novel in having a direct and earnest issue at its heart: the treatment of the question of Capital *vs.* Labor, which is agitating all countries and all classes. There is a great deal of story to it—a story, too, full of 'good things'; but the plot turns on the fate of a young man whose uncle proposes to test him by giving him prosperity, and who, in the effort to do the noble thing by his workmen, proves himself to be, not a wise man, nor yet a fool; but what is really worse than a fool,—a sensible man doing foolish things.

'MITCHELHURST PLACE,' by Margaret Veley, (Franklin Square Library) is a pretty and original story, full of striking tableaux. The prettiest picture in it is that of the two young

people moralizing and dreaming as they stop the old clock on the stairs. But there are many others worth reading the book for, as when Barbara comes into the drawing-room assuring herself that she had *not* put on her best gown because Mr. Harding was there; she had *not*. The touch of innocent coquetry in the girl, by which she really does care a good deal about two very different young men, with results entirely unforeseen by the reader, makes the story unique as well as interesting.

'PERIL,' by Jessie Fothergill (Holt's Leisure Hour Series), does not disappoint readers who remember 'The First Violin' and 'Kith and Kin.' It is long, elaborate and somewhat involved; but it is not tedious, and at times is startlingly vivid and intense. It is the story of a young lady with a 'temper,' who rarely does anything but what is dangerous, and who wrecks her own peace and the fortunes of the man she loves by the caprice of a vengeful moment. But there is food for reflection in the very evident fact that the girl's 'temper' is due to circumstance as well as temperament,—to the people who did not love or understand or discipline her, as well as to her own recklessness; while some of the scenes are powerful enough to make it that really ingenious and rare thing, a novel which suggests thought while dealing with what is sensational.

THE very name of Francillon sets one's pulses leaping with pleasant anticipation of just such vivid, entertaining, sympathetic sketches of life and character as one actually finds in his new story of 'Face to Face.' (Franklin Square Library.) Whether he gives the idyllic scene of brave young Patience Blackthorn trying to saw wood and maintaining the dignity of her poverty in the pretty interview with Stephen Harlow, or treats of her good-for-nothing brother as taken in by a French spy, or describes a battle-field or a war,—all is clever, interesting and fine. It is the best of Francillon's work, as of James Payn's, that he believes in human nature. It is impossible not to like his good-for-nothings, and as for his villains, one feels, as in the present case of Enoch Manist, that, if they had not been unhappy, they would have been good. Indeed, the Christmas moral which the author frankly states that he expects us to draw, is not 'Be good and you will be happy;' but 'Be happy and you will be good;' which implies, 'If you would have others good, make them happy.'

TO ILLUSTRATE an historical novel was in itself a good idea; to illustrate one as charmingly as Mr. Low has illustrated 'Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina,' by Nathan C. Kouns, (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), was a brilliant idea. The pictures do not all appear to as good advantage in the book as they did in the pages of *The Continent*, when the story was running as a serial; but they are interesting, classical and helpful; they really do illustrate, and they are attractive in themselves. Of the story it can be said, as was said of 'Arius, the Libyan,' by the same author, that it is interesting and vivid as a picture of the time—the time of the early Christians—in spite of a carelessness of style not wont to appear in the work of those who attempt historical novels; but in 'Dorcas' the author has made one tremendous mistake, fatal forever, we should suppose, to the success of this or any future similar work: believing in the miracles himself, he has out-miracled the miracles in statements of what he believes to have happened in the days when faith was new, and strong, and omnipotent. Not only are people raised from the dead, but a headless corpse recovers its life and head. In answer to some talk which these statements gave rise to when they first appeared, we believe learned references were given for the good faith with which these events were reproduced; but the story is hopelessly spoiled for all who prefer genuine history in literature claiming in any way to be historical.

'CHOY SUSAN and Other Stories,' by William Henry Bishop (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is as great an improvement on the long novel of 'The House of a Merchant Prince' as a chronicle of life is apt to be superior to a chronicle of fashion. These short stories, indeed, exhibit an ingenuity, a versatility, a rapidity of movement and art in story-telling, which make the book a singularly entertaining one. Readers are familiar with them, as they have appeared singly in the magazines; and the only comment that is necessary is to call attention to the fact that they were all well worth republication in book-form. We suppose we are dreaming in having associated one striking little episode in 'Miss Calderon's German' with a precisely similar situation in a novel of Dr. Holland's; if it did appear in Dr. Holland's novel, as we think we remember, it is so good as undoubtedly to have been quoted merely as a story

which Mr. Bishop thought himself authorized to work into his novel, though the coincidence would be amusing.

'MOONSHINE,' by Frederic Allison Tupper (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a story, not of the moonshine of love or of nonsense, but of the tragic moonshine of the 'moonshiners,' and is a novel of the Reconstruction Period. It is vividly told and well written. The hero is not the typical Northerner who used to go South and return a more than typical Southerner; but a Northerner rather inclined to Democratic and Southern ideals, who goes South and returns with no disposition ever to stray again from his native heath, bringing with him a Southern wife, also converted, though more slowly, to Northern and Republican principles.

NOTHING is more certain than that Mr. Hawthorne can do very pleasant work, except the fact that for some unconscionable reason he chooses to do a good deal that is very unpleasant. It is a pleasure to record that 'Noble Blood' (Appleton) shows him at his best; not because it exhibits weird imagination about things that never were or ought to be, but because it is human, possible, and pretty. This may seem slight praise to those who would like Mr. Hawthorne to be always Hawthornesque; but in being enjoyable, 'Noble Blood' will appeal to a much wider class of readers. The *mise en scene* of the opening chapters is simply delicious; the genial, breezy, lovely bit of description, is followed by a tale which, if little more than a story, is nevertheless an entertaining story, full of Irish humor, and leaving one with an impression that life after all is worth living, and human nature worth loving. It is a pleasure to handle these admirably printed paper-covered editions that the Appletons are publishing.

THERE is a stroke of genius in the very title of 'Bound Together,' by Hugh Conway. (Holt's Leisure Hour Series.) A tendency to the sensational in even the best of Mr. Fergus's work leads one to expect from this striking title something which piques curiosity at least. To find that the name simply refers to the fact that certain separate sketches are now for the first time 'bound together,' and not a wretched husband and wife, or awful crime and criminal, puts the reader in good humor at once with the amusing surprise. The sketches tend more or less to remarkable and impossible psychological adventures; but the best and simplest of them, 'A Cabinet Secret,' is charming, and alone worth the price of the book.

'THE MISTLETOE BOUGH' (Franklin Square Library) is a collection of short stories of about the kind we might expect from Miss Braddon, though perhaps a little less sensational than usual. The best of them is 'The Longmoney Conspiracy,' which is really good; so good, that it helps one to understand the well-known fact that distinguished authors of the best kinds of literature, when asked what they read for diversion, often answer, 'Miss Braddon.' 'The Longmoney Conspiracy' is delightful; full of plot and excitement, while giving delicious little sketches of character, or scenery, or life, that are as good of their kind as could be.

THE eighth volume of 'Stories by American Authors' (Charles Scribner's Sons) contains the admirable story by Henry A. Beers called 'Split Zephyr' which appeared first in *The Century* a year and a half ago, written to bring into sharp contrast the aims, and aspirations, and expectations of the college student just graduated with his final attainment; not necessarily less or poorer, perhaps quite as likely to be better, but in any case, different. Two of De Forest's and Miss Phelps's best short stories also appear in this volume; and it is still to be said that whoever finally owns the whole of this charming series will have a treasure-trove of literature.

'THE LOVER'S CREED,' by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Franklin Square Library,) has for its motto the text from Dr. Holmes: 'One, and one only, is the Lover's Creed.' Literary surprises are such a feature of story-telling nowadays, that one half expects to find the novel treating of various successive attachments; but there is no humorous turn to the story, which is simply one of the good old-fashioned ones, with unflinching constancy, unlimited misunderstandings and reported deaths, eventually resulting in union with the beloved one. It is tedious, less because it is long than because it is made up of long paragraphs. Whether the topic immediately in hand is a pretty girl, a beautiful day, a quaint room, a letter, or a battle, it is sure of its half page; and the result is weariness.

'AT ANY COST,' by Edward Garrett (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not by any means the sensational story that its title would imply. It has certainly a sensation in its plot, but it is quietly, calmly written, and is the story of one who believes in having, not love, or money, or power, 'at any cost,' but truth. Nor does it refer to religious truth, but simply the truth about ourselves and others, too often concealed from mistaken ideas of what is 'best.' The plot, though the hackneyed one of an illegitimate child deserted by its mother, is original in having the child knowing always who he is, and the mother ignorant that the man who has sheltered her is her son and knows that he is her son. The story is a thoughtful one, and contains many striking passages for reflection.

'THE BLACK POODLE,' by F. Anstey, (Appleton) is a collection of short stories that have appeared in English magazines, the very best of them being perhaps the one that gives a title to the book, though it is needless to say that all the others are very good. It includes fairy tales, classical adaptations, and the 'Undergraduate's Aunt' which went the rounds of the papers and was successfully dramatized by the indefatigable young people of Buffalo; and all are full of that genial, airy humor which deals by choice with the frailties and foibles of life, but which makes us love each other all the better for our common foibles.

'AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN' is a daring and ambitious title for a novel, and Mr. Crawford's story hardly justifies its name. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Its politics are not very prominent, nor are they very vividly dealt with. It upholds the course of men unwilling to be slaves to party, who refuse to cry, 'My party,—right or wrong, my party!' but the hero's speeches do not convey any doctrine or advice startlingly new to the American people. As for the political undercurrent, we certainly all knew before that elections were frequently carried by one man, and often depended, not on the question 'Which side will look after the iron interest?' but on the question 'Which candidate will make his contract for iron with the "silent voter" who is for the moment autocrat of the situation?' The love-story running through the book is not in any way striking; better, of course, than 'To Leeward,' it is much poorer than 'Dr. Claudius,' and less romantic than 'Mr. Isaacs'; while the whole story seems singularly inferior when compared with the delicate grace and skill of 'A Roman Singer.'

The Magazines for January.

THE feature of the month is, of course, the opening of Dr. Holmes's 'New Portfolio,' in *The Atlantic*. There was never any need of wishing one had not read 'The Autocrat,' that one might again have the pleasure of reading it for the first time; for it is as good the second or the fifteenth time as the first; but to have still another 'Autocrat' in prospect, to store away for reading and re-reading, is a literary blessing hardly to be exaggerated. Dr. Holmes states that he opened his second portfolio in 1857, sure of finding the critic waiting to welcome him after his own fashion. He does not spell the 'critic,' as we do, with a large C; but then THE CRITIC with a large C did not exist in 1857. He may be sure that the new CRITIC will be waiting to welcome 'The New Portfolio' after its own fashion; and we fear that this, too, will be a fashion rendering it liable to be considered, as was the critic with a small c, 'the most dangerous of the carnivora'; for we certainly do intend to devour 'The New Portfolio' first of all every month. Its first issue put us in good humor at once with all else that *The Atlantic* might contain; but even without the 'New Portfolio,' the January number is the most attractive one we have had for some time, chiefly because—low be it spoken!—there is a certain deference to average humanity, a slight festiveness in the general atmosphere, which does not in the least injure the beneficial instructiveness of the heavier articles.—There are three serials, all opening well: a foreign one for the Anglo-maniacs; one from Miss Jewett, which bids fair to contain all that her previous quiet sketches have lacked to make them entirely charming—a little hint of mystery, and a little quickened movement; and one from Charles Egbert Craddock, with a girl in it whose rapartee is worthy of a French salon in keenness, if not in style.—Eleanor Putnam supplements the delicious article she gave not long ago on the old Salem shops, with one equally delightful on 'A Salem Dame-School.'—To find Mr. Stockton at his 'antics' midway between the grave pages of *The Atlantic* is almost as much of a surprise as if we had found an illustration there. True, Mr. Stockton's face is

always very solemn and his manner very dignified,—but how sure he is to make us shout with laughter! In 'A Story of Assisted Fate,' the first turn to the subject is absurd enough; but the double one at the end is 'too funny for anything,' as the young ladies say. Mr. Grant White seems to have exhausted words as a subject and falls back upon the alphabet, though he begins a third of the way through, with an attack on the English 'H.' But *The Atlantic* this month provides for everybody, and those who do not care about the alphabet can find solace in Thoreau's appreciative fault-finding with 'hypercritical quarrelling about grammar and style, the position of the particles, etc.,' and accept his assurance that the 'truest poetic sentence is as free and lawless as a lamb's bleat.'

In *Harper's Magazine* we have the first of a series on important industrial manufactures, which will certainly prove valuable and interesting. This month the article is on shoes, and the reader learns to his surprise of processes by which the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes are put together with such ease and rapidity, that while you are buying one pair your next pair, as yet in the form of hide, may be dodging the lasso of the cow-boy on far-away plains.—Miss Woolson's novel does little more than open, but it is safe to say it will be good; and the opening of an anonymous serial, 'At the Red Glove' is in itself good.—'The Town-meeting' in not a 'funny' piece, but a piece of very substantial work from John Fiske on the importance of self-government.—'Farmer Finch' is an admirable story by Miss Jewett, who loses nothing by adding to her photographic power a bit of a moral such as this.—'The Cruise of the Walloway' in Florida waters has several of Gifford's illustrations; A. W. Ward writes of Wiclif, and Seymour Haden of the revival of Mezzotint.

In *The Century* Mr. Cable writes of the negro problem, without doubt the most important question before the American people, and reminds us that the negro, though he has been twice a freedman, is not yet free.—Washington Gladden, in a paper drawing practical illustration from the workings of the Cleveland Educational Bureau, reminds us that in discussing the rights and the education of the negro, we must not forget to amuse our working-classes at the north.—Mark Twain dips into the negro problem, too, with a 'Jim' who often wishes, on remembering that before the War he had been worth eight hundred dollars, that he had the eight hundred dollars and somebody else had the 'nigger.'—The Civil War paper is on the western flotilla.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes of recent church architecture, Mr. Smalley of Montana, Ernest Ingersoll of the National Museum, and Mr. Kennedy of Edward Everett Hale.—Silas Lapham in this number makes up his mind, 'and so is ready for advice,' as his wife suggestively puts it; and the young aristocrat decides bravely to 'go into paint' to retrieve the family fortunes, while the family dignity alleges ruefully: 'It appears that he wishes to do something—to do something for himself. I am afraid that Tom is selfish.'

'A Family Affair,' in *The English Illustrated*, is very much the best work Hugh Conway has given us, and will prove to his own satisfaction, we hope, that his *forte* does not necessarily lie in the sensational. Eight full-page illustrations illustrate chiefly an interesting article on Gainsborough, and Archibald Forbes writes of Christmas in the Khyber Pass; enough for one good number, even without stories by Norris and James, which do not add much but the dignity of the author's names, and articles on iron and steel making, Clovelly, Calvadas and the Storzas.

Lippincott's Magazine is full of fun. It does, indeed, contain solid articles on 'The Premier of Canada,' 'The Bismarcks,' and 'The Inventor of the Ayrshire Life-Car,' with 'A French Version of the Merchant of Venice,' 'Housekeeping in a French Canadian Town,' 'Rome and the Campagna,' and a pleasing sketch by Mrs. Lillie of 'The Fine Art of Picking-Up' bric-à-brac; but the reader will most enjoy the first instalment of a capital new story by the author of that clever tale 'A Perfect Treasure,' and a story about 'Merry Christmas' from the point of view of a Christmas martyr.—A few more days and we shall be filled again with all the generous sentiment of this gracious season; but just now, what with the cold and the rain, the crowding in the shops, the knotting of twine and the sputtering of pens, the refusal of the shop-keepers to appreciate our appeal for 'something for a boy ten years old,' and the effort to secure note-paper for the notes of thanks for the quantities of 'just what we wanted' that we are about to receive, a good many of us are secretly murmuring under our breath, 'Confound Christmas!'

The Lounger

IT WAS NOT with unmixed pleasure that I witnessed Mme. Ristori's performance at the Star Theatre, on Monday night. Ristori was the first great actress I ever saw, and I have recollections of her that nothing can efface. There is much of the great actress still to be seen in her performance, but I can get more satisfaction out of the memory of fifteen years or so ago than out of the reality of to-day. The actress is handicapped by having to speak the English language, which—though she speaks it uncommonly well—is more or less on her mind, and prevents that absorption in her impersonation which one is used to in her acting. She has to think about her words, and that constrains her action. The famous letter scene, where she dictates the two letters—one in regard to Shakspeare's play, the other to Leicester—is as fine as ever, and it was only in the passages that required power that she was lacking. In dignity and polish she is much as of old.

I SHOULD THINK that an actress who had attained the position Ristori reached fifteen or twenty years ago would prefer to leave the stage before her age began to be more talked about than her acting. Poverty would of course be a sufficient excuse for adopting the opposite course; but when one need not add to her income and cannot increase her fame, I should think the temptation to retire gracefully would be overmastering. Mme. Ristori is not what she was, but the desire to see a contemporary and rival of Rachel will doubtless draw the younger generation to the theatre where she acts. And they will not see a performance that merits condemnation. They will only see a great actress in her decadence, surrounded by actors whose art is as yet unripe, and will always remain so.

THE LATE MR. WILLIS has had the misfortune to be as much ridiculed since his death as he was lauded during his life-time. Fifty-two years ago a clever satirist named Snelling 'tomahawked him in heroics, ran him through in prose, and scalped him in barbarous epigrams.' But then Snelling scalped everybody, except Bryant, Halleck, and Holmes; and Willis was so universally praised, that he could afford to submit to heroic treatment for once in his life.

DR. HOLMES, in his 'New Portfolio'—*The New Portfolio*—in *The Atlantic*, tells of Snelling's annihilatory attack, and deprecates it; but his sympathies are not wholly with the victim. On the contrary, he pokes a good deal of fun at Nathaniel, who was, he reminds us, 'in full bloom' when 'Old Ironsides' and 'The Last Leaf' were written. He was young, and already famous. With his luxurious hair and rosy cheeks, 'he came very near being very handsome;' and he always 'dressed with artistic elegance.' The whole description is neatly summed up in a comparison which could not have been made three years ago: 'He was something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde.' Of Willis's personal appearance, at least, nothing better than this has ever been said—or will be, unless Dr. Holmes should find another scrap on the subject lying between the leaves of his New Portfolio.

TEN days before the late election, *The Saturday Review* began a leading article on the subject with the following remark: 'The older generation of American citizens, remembering the Presidential contests of their earlier days, may perhaps be surprised at the apathy which attends the coming election. In ten days from this time the decision will have been given, and the defeated party will easily acquiesce in the result.' I happen to belong to the younger generation of American citizens, and so was not surprised by the 'apathy' which attended the campaign now happily ended. I was surprised, however, to find so stupid a statement in a journal issued almost within earshot of the outcries, recriminations, insults, and injuries of the bitterest political contest within my memory.

The Spectator comes nearer the truth when it speaks of 'the excitement caused by the recent Presidential election,' and 'the virulence with which it was conducted.' From the latter authority, moreover, we learn that 'it was a struggle between Republicans and Democrats.' But then *The Saturday Review* probably knew this as well as *The Spectator*. It behooves us to be grateful for small mercies, however, after the announcement of one of the London dailies, a year or two since, to the effect that the Republicans of a certain New England State had 'succeeded in electing three Democratic Greenbackers' to Congress!

THE most successful course of readings ever given before the Young Men's Christian Association of this city was pleasantly concluded, last week, with the recitation by Mr. Cable of some of the best scenes and dialogues in 'Dr. Sevier.' The reader took the liberty of ignoring the programme arranged by the manager of the course; but his hearers showed no disposition to take him to task for this dereliction, and very few of them availed themselves of the privilege he granted them of leaving the hall before the reading was over, 'if they knew the cars were waiting for them—or even if they only *wished* the cars were waiting for them!'

MR. CABLE had put them in a good humor at the outset by saying how embarrassing it was not to have Mark Twain there to introduce him, as usual. 'It has been my friend's custom to introduce me to the audience, and mine to introduce him,' he said. 'First he would introduce me, so that the audience would know which of us was which; and then I would introduce him—so that they would know which of us was the other.' His tour with the famous humorist is having a good effect on the delightful story-teller. He is fast learning the arts of the stage, and is much more at his ease before the public than he was a year ago.

IT IS EASY to fall into musical dotage—to become whimsically partial to certain melodies and movements. A few old songs appeal to us more effectively than would the combined efforts of Timotheus placed on high, and bright Cecilia. We all have our philomusical hobbies, though they may not always be as definitely stated as was that of the old Cornish dame, who, once in her life, to her great delectation, had heard the oratorio of 'Joseph,' and who, on being invited to attend a performance of 'Pinafore,' replied: 'No, no, don't ask me; "Joseph" is the only "Pinafore" I ever want to hear!'

THE *Tribune's* weather article last Saturday was headed 'The Frost King Abroad.' Now it seems to me that if ever His Glacial Majesty was in this country, it was just a week ago to-day—and that he was not only here, but was making himself very much at home. I don't know when I've suffered so from the cold; and yet I'd rather have a month of this hyperborean weather than a single day of such as we had last September, when for over a week the mercury rose above ninety every afternoon, and night brought but faint relief. Still, if the main steam-pipe of the building in which I spent the greater part of the day had chosen some other morning to burst and leave the house unheated, I should have been better pleased!

The Egypt Exploration Fund.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Serio-comic performances may be carried too far. So it would seem by the letter of Mr. Cope Whitehouse in your paper of Dec. 6. Repeatedly has he poised his lance in your columns, but he tilts alone; or, in modern phraseology, he fails to draw fire from the scholars and explorers of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and its associates, who are engaged in the Biblical and historical work in the Delta. The simple statement of a few simple truths under the title 'The Excavations at Zoan' (Nov. 22d) provokes a letter, much of which is irrelevant ('There are five societies in London. . . . I am a member of three of them'), and much a series of *non-sequiturs* (the writer of 'The Excavations at Zoan' is 'singularly ignorant of the excavations'—because 'no Egyptologist took any part in the recent meeting'). Mysterious allusions to learned societies before which (?) he speaks, wholesale dictums against standard dictionaries, proffers of checks, and the like, are not, in the eyes of science and scholarship, convincing arguments, however amusing to the mind and persuasive to the pocket.

Shall I mass evidence that San Tanis is Zoan, the Biblical Zoan where the Fund is engaged in exploration? Shall I, as regards Pithom, quote the official indorsement of Brugsch, the leading authority on the geography of Egypt? or quote M. Charmes, the companion of M. Maspero on his official yacht, to show how Naville, Brugsch, Maspero, the three greatest living Egyptologists, are in agreement on the question of Pithom? I have these documents, and can make citations on Zoan to fill an entire CRITIC. M. Naville did

unearth striking evidence at Tell-el-Maskhoutha in the identification of Pithom; and it will be his special mission this winter to seek after Raamses (Exodus I.), and to so identify and locate both store-cities, and to so advance our knowledge of Biblical and geographical points and bounds, that Egyptological Bibliography will have made momentous progress since 1883. The work is in the hands of masters. Mr. Petrie is too eminent as excavator and explorer to need commendation here. The scholars of the Fund Committee are more or less on the Committees of the Palestine Fund, of the Biblical Archaeological Society, and of other learned societies. I give below a communication from Rev. H. G. Tomkins, of the Committee of the Palestine Fund, of the Council of the Biblical Archaeological Society, of the Egypt Fund, etc.—one of the most eminent Egypto-Biblical scholars of the day, and an unrivalled expert in England in cuneiform inscriptions,—who has read some of Mr. Whitehouse's articles on Zoan, and kindly volunteers an open letter.

Mr. W. refers to Jablonski, whom he considers an expert, although he never studied him till recently, and asks, touching some of our subscribers, 'which of them is more acute than Jablonski?' Very well; Jablonski (Vol. I., p. 339) says: 'Tanis nomen est urbis celebris in Aegypto inferiori, cuius aliquoties in Literis Sacris mentio occurrit. Hebraei scribunt [Hebrew word Zoan here given]. Tzoan sen Tsoan.' He refers to it as a royal metropolis, identifies it with the Scriptural Zoan, and quotes the writers of antiquity. Mr. Poole, in noticing Mr. W.'s letter in *The Academy*, very justly said: 'Mr. Cope Whitehouse is entirely unacquainted with the standard book on Egyptological geography, Brugsch's *Dictionnaire Geographique*, etc.* Why has Mr. Whitehouse attacked the Fund and its work? Partly because it could no more officially recognize him two years ago, when he was in London, than could or would the recent Science Associations at Philadelphia and Montreal. Another reason is furnished by *The Independent* of Dec. 11, p. 6. In its masterly editorial review of Mr. Whitehouse's claims and theories in Egyptology, I read: 'Into his Moeris basin he has attempted to drag other matters, which properly have no connection with it; and it is because the new evidence disclosed by the excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund has not agreed with some of these additional claims, and threatens to expose the lack of foundation for others, that he has no patience with the enterprise, and bitterly endeavors to arrest its progress.' Touching Zoan and other points, the writer says of Mr. W.'s position: 'To show how this stands in utter conflict with the great mass of Biblical, historical, geographical and archaeological evidence, is clearly impossible in a brief review like this.' *The Independent's* department of Biblical Research is justly distinguished.

Some \$8000 will be required this winter and spring. The reports and documents will be of special value, and of interest to all readers. Nearly 200 donations—many of them small—have been received since 1883, and of these a large proportion are from representative men in science, Biblical learning, and official position in education and in Church and State. Mr. Petrie's rare skill and economy, commented on by *The Times*, *The Academy*, and American journals, are known to Professor Norton, of Cambridge, President of the Archaeological Institute of America, and to all our archaeologists. The names of donors appear in several journals, and the official receipt will be sent to each subscriber for the amount contributed. We may not verify Mr. James Russell Lowell's witty hope (in his speech) that we find the cup in Benjamin's sack; but Mr. Petrie's spades are sure to turn

* [Mr. Poole's charge was made in *The Academy* of July 21. In the June Proceedings of the Society for Biblical Archaeology, however, Mr. Whitehouse had cited Brugsch's Dictionary five times. In regard to Tanis. We refer our readers to the communication entitled 'The Excavations at Tanis Parva' in our issue of Oct. 13, to the paper read before the American Oriental Society in Baltimore on Oct. 30th, and other papers in which Mr. Whitehouse has developed the thesis that the Tanis of the Septuagint was Tanis of Egypt, Tanis Magna, and the Zoan of the Rabbi Benjamin, while San el-Hagar, like the adjacent Heracleopolis, was the Parva of the same name. Eds. CRITIC.]

up many valuable relics deep down in the strata of Pharaonic times at Zoan. If not the cup of that unconscious larceny, the cups of those who 'hobnobbed with Pharaoh' in that age (so pleasantly referred to by Mr. John G. Whittier in sending his donation) are sure to turn up. Inscriptions, records, are there. These we seek to disclose.

WM. C. WINSLOW, Hon. Treasurer, etc.

429 BEACON ST., BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1884.

MR. TOMKINS'S LETTER TO MR. WINSLOW.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . But really this Zoan business is enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers. If all the denials of the Nineteenth Century were digested into a cyclopædia, it would be good reading in Bedlam. But no article in it would more paralyze the wits of a sane man than the denial that Sān is ancient Tanis, and Tanis Biblical Zoan. Certainly our Egypt Exploration Committee, if they really 'control *The Academy* and *The Times*' (quotations from Mr. W.), ought to control such ineptitudes as this. But how can we? From 'the simple words of Rabbi Benjamin' of the Twelfth Century after Christ, let us turn to the Septuagint Version, which represents the Rabbinic learning of the Third Century before Christ. There we find Zoan always (in the seven places where it occurs) called Tanis. That this is the Sān, the vast ruin-field full of remains from the Sixth Dynasty to the Roman times, now under the skillful exploration of Mr. Flinders Petrie, is not a mere guess of Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, from whom 'the Egyptologists of Great Britain have stood aloof to a man,' but the undoubting opinion of Birch ('Wilk. Anc. Æg.' I., 16), Sayce ('Her.' 325), F. Delitzsch ('Wolag das Paradies,' 315), Lepsius ('Letters,' Bohn, 23, 333), Ebers ('Durch Gosen Zum Sinai'), Mariette ('Princ. Mons. du Boulaq'), Dümichen ('Geschichte,' 257), Maspero ('Hist. Anc.'), Naville (*Four. de Genève*, 22 Juin, 1882). But why should I further go? This site readily fulfils all the conditions of Biblical history. I am sorry I have not Benjamin of Tudela at hand to refer to; but if he says that a suburb of Memphis was called Zoan, so be it. But a suburb of Cairo was called Babylon. Was this the *original* Babylon? Suppose even, however, that Sān of these days were not Tanis and Zoan; at any rate it is a 'pious opinion' of Egyptologists in all lands that this is true. Why, then, should not this magnificent field of Egyptian monumental antiquity be thoroughly explored until we resolve this opinion either into an exploded heresy or into an article of faith? For there is no question that it was as important a capital as Thebes itself, more ancient than Thebes, and also more modern; glorious with a vast display of colossal perspective; sphinx-avenues, portals, statues, temple colonnades, huge ramparts; and at the time when Moses turned away to see the Pharaoh's face no more, there rose in oppressive grandeur, far higher than the highest temple roofs and obelisks, the form of the last great tyrant, the hugest statue in the world. And in Biblical interest it vastly surpasses both Thebes and Memphis, and is without question the centre where the meeting tides of Egypt and Asia mingled their waters. There, if anywhere, the Hyksos riddle must be solved; and it was the headquarters of Egyptian monarchy as known to Abraham and in the days of Joseph, of Moses, and of Solomon. . . . Believe me, etc.,

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

P. S. I am glad to know, now, that in Asher's ed. of Benjamin of Tudela it is suggested that Benjamin never visited Cairo. A reference has been kindly sent me to that work, Vol. II., p. 12. It would be very easy to add a great parade of references to prove the identity of Zoan-Tanis-Sān. But it is absolutely *de trop*. . . .

Sir Lepel Griffin on America.

[From *The Spectator*.]

AFTER Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophical admiration, Lord Coleridge's polished though rather indiscriminating panegyric, Mr. Arnold's cautious appreciation, and Mr. Irving's self-advertising praise, it was, perhaps, well that some student of the people and institutions of the United States should raise his voice in criticism and censure. Uninterrupted praise is a dangerous intellectual diet, and Americans have at all times too much reason for just pride to render unwise eulogy anything but pernicious. The voice of criticism, however, if it is to serve for guidance or warning, must proceed from accurate knowledge and impartial view. Of these two indispensable qualifications, Sir Lepel Griffin possesses neither the one nor the other. We should be surprised to learn that his acquaintance with America

may not be correctly described as that of a few weeks, and every page of his work bears unmistakable marks of a rigid *parti pris*.

The reader of 'The Great Republic' is not kept long in doubt about the author's conclusions, for these are set forth so early as the title-page, in the delicately-chosen motto, 'The Commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.' And he need go no further than the first page of the volume to reach the conclusion of the whole matter. It is an interesting question, we are told, whether the discovery of America by Columbus has been a gain or loss to the peoples of the Old World, since when we consider the previous refinement of Mexico, and the picturesqueness of the wild Indians, we can but doubt and hesitate as we look at 'America of to-day, the apotheosis of Philistinism, the perplexity and despair of statesmen, the Mecca to which turns every religious or social charlatan, where the only god worshipped is Mammon, and the highest education is the share-list; where political life . . . is shunned by an honest man as the plague; where to enrich jobbers, and monopolists, and contractors, a nation has emancipated its slaves and enslaved its freemen; where the people is gorged and drunk with materialism, and where wealth has become a curse, instead of a blessing.' The impressiveness of this picture shall not be marred by any comment of ours. Indeed, extraneous criticism of Sir Lepel Griffin's statements is rendered almost superfluous by their extreme catholicity; there is hardly one upon which he himself does not furnish a more appropriate and instructive criticism than any less venturesome writer can hope to do. All that is necessary to a complete appreciation of his position is conscientious collation. For instance, on p. 7, we learn that 'with the single exception of Russia, there is no country where private right and public interests are more systematically outraged than in the United States;' and on p. 76, this information is supplemented by the statement that 'among the many fine qualities of the Americans none are more honorably conspicuous than their courage, frankness, and independence.' Or, again, on p. 6, 'The good in American institutions is of English origin and descent—what is bad is indigenous;' but, on p. 100, 'the chief hope for American literature and art is, that as they outgrow English influences, they may become more robust and national. . . . Year by year English influence grows visibly less, and this is a healthy sign.' Or again, on p. 24, a well-known American writer is assured that in vain he will 'pour forth his poor platitudes,' and on p. 55 his works are still 'thin milk and water;' but by the time p. 98 is reached the same gentleman has risen so far in the author's estimation, that his name is included in a select list of those mentioned in support of the statement that 'in literature, there are many names justly held in honor, and some authors whose works have won a wide reputation.' And, to conclude these interesting evidences of breadth of view, modestly concealed under the appearance of antithetic statement, Sir Lepel Griffin tells us in various places that 'there is no more kindly and considerate person in the world than the unofficial American; hospitable, generous, and warm-hearted, he will take infinite trouble to assist a stranger;' that 'the position of women in the United States is far more favorable and just than in England;' and that 'nothing is more pleasant in America than the universal respect publicly paid to women by men of all degrees;' that 'an American audience is wonderfully patient and generous, nowhere more enthusiastic and quick-witted;' that, as we have already learned, 'among the many fine qualities of the Americans, none are more honorably conspicuous than their courage, frankness, and independence;' that their 'pride in the greatness and wealth of their country, and confidence in its future' are 'neither exaggerated nor unfounded;' that the author's personal friends in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and the West would surely be included by Mr. Arnold in his saving 'remnant;' moreover, that the English are 'almost the most disagreeable race extant;' and yet, notwithstanding all this, 'with some experience of every civilized country in the world, there is none in which the author would not prefer to reside, in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely.' If, as has been said by a well-known writer, truth is so many-sided that it is impossible to tell it all without contradicting oneself several times, this extraordinary conclusion from such premises must compel us to admit that Sir Lepel Griffin has indeed a very comprehensive view of it.

With the actual misstatements of fact in 'The Great Republic' we shall not deal, since to correct them all would occupy not much less space than the volume itself. We can only assure Sir Lepel Griffin, still with a smile, and speaking from a close acquaintance with America which probably extends over more years

than his visit covered weeks, that the newspapers there are *not* 'the only literature of the vast majority'; that the whole transaction of the establishment of the Yellowstone National Park was *not* 'a piece of swagger which was known to be meaningless'; that the daughters of the family in America are *not* 'exposed to the roughness and independence of a day-school, often in company with boys of the same age'; and that Americans would *not* 'be delighted to carry the whole race of negroes to the middle of the Atlantic and sink them there.' One misstatement however is too gross to be passed over. Sir Lepel Griffin says: 'If all the Indian tribes—men, women and children throughout the States and Territories—be enumerated, they amount to some 66,000 souls, the population of a second-rate town. Yet a long series of Indian outrages and reprisals have and are taking place [*sic*], which a nation of 50,000,000 does not disdain to call "Indian wars."' If Sir Lepel Griffin had taken the trouble to consult the ordinary sources of information, he would have discovered that the Indian population numbers now over 320,000; and it is difficult to be sure that a large addition ought not to be made to this estimate.

Nor shall we touch upon the remarkable arguments of the present volume in the region of political philosophy and sociology, since these would involve us in matters of serious discussion. Our excuse for treating Sir Lepel Griffin lightly must be that to take his smart sallies seriously would be to mislead our English readers, and to provoke the just laughter of our American ones. Speaking seriously, we should be compelled to express our amazement at the writer's prejudices and bitterness, and that a man of Sir Lepel Griffin's position should put forth such confident and wholesale censure of a great people, upon so slight a basis of information or experience—in a word, speaking seriously, we should be compelled to say that the book is not worth a moment's grave consideration. But rather than this, let us take a hint from an American critic,* who, commenting upon Sir Lepel Griffin's statement that the poor negro is the only man who laughs to-day in America, says that the man who laughs most heartily there is the man who reads 'The Great Republic,' and thank Sir Lepel Griffin for leaving the retirement of his Indian bureau to give us a hearty laugh by his clap of aristocratic and imperialistic thunder in the clear sky of international good-fellowship.

Gladstone's Apotheosis.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE present moment may be regarded as a culmination of Mr. Gladstone's career. When the Prime Minister rose at the Foreign Office to explain to his followers in private conclave the terms of the scheme which he has arranged with the chiefs of the Opposition he had to announce a triumph of which no other Englishman could even have dreamed, and which a month ago appeared impossible even to Mr. Gladstone himself. For the settlement at which the Prime Minister has arrived constitutes an innovation in English politics even more startling than the famous Royal warrant that abolished Purchase. Never before has the chief of the Liberal party ventured to arrange the principles of a Bill distributing the seats of the House of Commons with the chief of the Opposition in the House of Lords; and never before has there been a leader of the democracy who could have commanded the assent of his followers to such a compact with their hereditary foes. To have projected such an arrangement, to have carried it through, to be confident to-day that no serious opposition will be made to it in the Liberal ranks, is perhaps the last and crowning tribute which will be paid to the personal ascendancy of our great leader.

How great Mr. Gladstone is we shall never really know until he is gone. At present he is not so much appreciated as idolized. No man ever had so deep, so powerful a hold upon the imagination of the people, as the Prime Minister has to-day. When he travels about the country, his journeys are more than Royal processions. Crowds wait at every railway station to clamor for a passing word, and a hundred newspapers give precedence to reports of his wayside talk over news of the fall of Ministries or the fate of campaigns. In the popular imagination he has undergone an apotheosis not unlike that which in the mind of the Russian peasant takes place on the coronation of the Czar. He is the only statesman who at once kindles the imagination, informs the understanding, and commands the enthusiasm of the people. Without him to praise or to abuse, English politics would lose half their zest. He is the great dominant personality of our nation. If anything goes wrong the people do not blame him,

but charitably lament the shortcomings of his colleagues. 'If only Mr. Gladstone would take it in hand!' is the cry of the masses whenever a difficulty insuperable by ordinary mortals overtakes the State, and 'More power to his elbow' is the popular panacea for all the ills of the body politic. It is strange to witness this revival of the old kingship as the firstfruits of the English democracy, and it is well that the first monarch of the new line should bear a character as lofty as that of Mr. Gladstone.

But Mr. Gladstone as he now stands, at the zenith of his career, may well be excused if he should yield to those cravings for repose which have more than once of late years led him to express his anxiety to retire. Nothing would surprise us less than to hear that the Prime Minister regards the passing of the Redistribution Bill as the natural close of a political career which has added lustre to the annals of England for nearly half a century. With the completion of the great work of popular enfranchisement, it is only natural that Mr. Gladstone should indulge in hopes of retirement. A double share of the heat and burden of the day must always fall to his share, as long as he is in the field at all. The Lancelot of our time, he can never see the battle going against his friends without swooping down into the forefront of the hottest fight. But age tells even upon the marvellous energy and almost supernatural versatility of Mr. Gladstone. To his thinking the mandate which the nation entrusted to the Liberals fifty years ago will have been exhausted when the Redistribution Bill is passed. In the new issues which are arising he feels but a languid interest, if indeed he is not animated by a positive aversion toward some of the strongest tendencies of the coming time. He has done much to wipe off the *damnum hereditas* of the Beaconsfield Administration. He has at last a fair prospect of seeing Egypt restored to peace and order, of South Africa tranquil under the British ægis, and also of a fair measure of contentment in Ireland. If he has determined to make up the leeway lost by the supineness of the Admiralty under the late Administration, he may fairly contemplate retirement with a proud consciousness that in the midst of enormous difficulties at home and abroad he has at last restored England to something like that position of security within and without her borders that she enjoyed before the malign influence of Lord Beaconsfield cast its evil shadow on the land.

From Tennyson's New Play.

[THE second act of 'Becket' opens in Rosamund's bower with the following duet:]

1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
1. Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand,
One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
2. Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
1. Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
1. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
2. Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it—he, it is he, Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

[The fifth act ends, necessarily, in Canterbury Cathedral, with Becket standing at bay. Here is his defiance of the knights:]

Ye think to scare me from my loyalty
To God and to the Holy Father. No!
Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—
Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,
Blowing the world against me, I would stand
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files, who die
For God, to people heaven in the great day
When God makes up his jewels. Once I fled—
Never again, and you—I marvel at you—
Ye know what is between us. Ye have sworn
Yourselves my men when I was Chancellor—
My vassals—and yet threaten your Archbishop
In his own house.

* [THE CRITIC, July 29, 1884.]

Epilogue.

[From "Feriatah's Fancies," by Robert Browning.]

OH, Love—no, Love! All the noise below, Love,
Groanings all and moanings—none of Life I lose!
All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—
'Hear at least, thou happy one!' How can I, Love, but
choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me

—Much as when the moon's might frees a space from cloud—
Iridescent splendors : gloom—would else confound me—
Barriered off and banished far—bright-edged the blackest
shroud!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
'What,'—they smile,—'our names, our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled?

'Was it for mere fool's-play, make believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's "Come!" and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

'How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left or right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight!

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success:

All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind disencharms
All the late enchantment! What if all be error—
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?

Current Criticism

'THE NEW PORTFOLIO':—And why *the* New Portfolio, I would ask? Pray, do you remember, when there was an accession to the nursery in which you have a special interest, whether the new-comer was commonly spoken of as *a* baby? Was it not, on the contrary, invariably, under all conditions, in all companies, by the whole household, spoken of as *the* baby? And was the small receptacle provided for it commonly spoken of as *a* cradle; or was it not always called *the* cradle, as if there were no other in existence? Now, this New Portfolio is the cradle in which I am to rock my new-born thoughts, and from which I am to lift them carefully from time to time and show them to callers, namely, to the whole family which this monthly visitor reckons on its list of intimates, and such others as may drop in by accident. And so it shall have the definite article, and not be lost in the mob of its fellows as *a* portfolio.—*Dr. Holmes, in The Atlantic.*

TERRA-COTTA FOR HOUSE-FRONTS:—So far as my experience goes, the public generally are unaware of the real advantages and merits of terra-cotta for facing street fronts. When properly burned, it is absolutely impervious to smoke, and is unaffected by acid fumes of any description; it is about half the weight of the lightest building-stones, and its resistance, when burned in solid blocks in compression, is nearly one third greater than that of Portland stone; it is not absorbent—a great desideratum when damp has to be considered,—it is easily moulded into any shape, for strings, cornices, or window-sills and architraves, and can be easily modelled for figure or other enrichment. It can be got in good warm yellow or red color, and, when glazed, can be produced in almost any tones of soft browns, greens, reds, or yellows; and its strength, durability, and imperviousness to all the destructive influences of town atmospheres, to my mind, recommend it as the building material most adapted for facing street frontages.—*R. W. Edis, in The Popular Science Monthly.*

'PLEASURES' THAT HAVE DISPLEASED:—No better proof can be given of Mr. Ruskin's popularity at Oxford than the fact that he played off a practical joke on the 500 people who crowded the Museum Theatre to hear him last Saturday afternoon and yet aroused no perceptible resentment. They had all come—an hour before the time, too, many of them—to hear the sixth of

his appointed course of lectures on the 'Pleasures of England'; but he straightway announced that this lecture would be postponed till Monday week, and meanwhile he proposed to read them a little essay on patience. The innocent joke, it should at once be said, was not altogether of Mr. Ruskin's own devising. The remaining lectures of the proper course were ready, but pressure had been brought to bear upon him to suppress or recast them. The details of these lectures had so far 'fluttered the dovescots of the vivisectionists' that there had even been threats of the intervention of a board of studies, and of the incarceration of their single-handed antagonist. Why they were so much afraid of his discussing the pleasures of sense he really could not think. All the beautiful things he had showed them in religious art appealed to the pleasures of sense. Every religious child is happy; and all religion, if it is true, is beautiful; it is only sham religion—the habit, for instance, of excessive mourning for the dead—and vice that are ugly. When they heard the lecture, they would see that he was only going to point out to them some new and innocent ways of enjoying themselves.

HOME-LIFE IN AMERICA:—It is granted that household decoration and furnishing have something to do with the difference between a home and a house. But taste is rapidly improving in this respect. Out of slender resources, many an American wife makes an attractive home. If the comparison were made it might appear that there is more privacy and quietness in the home-life of this country than in that of England. Is not the typical English home, whether in country or city, always full of guests? Does not conventionality invade the family? There could scarcely be a more interesting study than comparison of the home life of different countries,—Germany, England, America. But to suppose that the thing itself is wanting here is to hit as far wide of the mark as possible. The increasing frequency of divorce may be thought to indicate indifference to the sacredness of home and family; but, on the other hand, the alarm which is beginning to be felt in view of the facts shows how highly the home is valued. In any country it is, of course, true that absorption in fashionable life is fatal to the interests of the home.—*The Andover Review.*

Notes

AN index to the fifth volume of THE CRITIC—Vol. II. of the new series, covering the past six months—is being prepared, and, together with a title page, will be sent to subscribers early in January.

—Mr. Howard Pyle has written a New Year's story for *Harper's Weekly*—'The Strange Adventures of Carl Spich'—with four illustrations by the author. The scene is laid in Germany.

—'The Deacon's Week'—a small, paper-covered volume, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons—contains one of the best of Rose Terry Cooke's stories, illustrated by Lucy Gibbons Morse. All people who love the old ways in New England, and who have ever been to 'meetin'' there—especially to 'protracted meetin',—will appreciate Deacon Emmons's Christian fortitude in relating his week's 'experience,' and Mrs. Cooke's fine sense of New England humor in reporting the protracted 'meetin'.' The characters are well drawn and racy. Mrs. Morse's illustrations, moreover, are quite as good in their way as the story itself.

—Mr. Whittier reached his seventy-seventh birthday on Wednesday of last week. Many friends called to congratulate him at his winter home—Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.—and upward of forty letters were received from friends abroad. Among the tokens of remembrance sent were a magnificent birthday cake, inscribed 'J. G. W., Dec. 17, 1807–1884,' a handsome basket of roses from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and a basket of seventy-seven rare roses from the junior class of the Girls' High School of Boston. To the young ladies the poet sent the following graceful reply:

The sun of life is sinking low,
Without a winter's falling snow;
Within your summer roses fall.
The heart of age your offering cheers;
You count in flowers my many years.
God bless you, me, and all.

—An English story for children, crowded with pictures, and told in a pleasant manner, is 'Myself and My Friends,' by Olive Patch, issued by Cassell & Co. A little girl describes her own adventures and those of her family in a way to interest the younger children. The narrator of nine relates many things that ought to interest boys and girls of the same age.

—'Christmas at Greycastle' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a tender, graceful and refined little sketch, by one who would fain have us remember in this joyous season all its religious significance. Several familiar legends and poems are introduced, such as the vision of Sir Launfal and the story of St. Christopher. A few liberties taken with Richter's dream and Browning's 'Christmas Eve' are explained in a note.

—The *Springfield Republican* says of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' that 'The comedy, however smart, is a poor thing in the way of literature, and very far below our American standard of good society, where rakishness is certainly not a quality that commends a young man to a good young woman, such as Miss Hardcastle is represented.'

—It is proposed to erect a memorial to King Alexander III. of Scotland on the spot by the seashore between Burntisland and Kinghorn, where he met with his death by an accidental fall over the cliff, on March 19, 1285-6.

—A book of the best poems for and about children has been made by Helen K. Johnson, under the title of 'Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People,' and published by Routledge & Sons. It is carefully edited, showing considerable skill in selection, and will be found of equal interest to young and old. The illustrations are good, though not all new, and the whole book is attractive.

—'Christmas Near the North Pole,' in *The Current*, is an account, by Lieutenant Greely, of the experience of his observing party, a year or two ago.

—The *Academy* having stated, on the authority of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, that the first American of that name came 'probably from Wilts,' in 1630, Mr. Charles J. Robinson writes to the editor of that paper to say: 'It is, at any rate, worth notice that the parish register of Windsor contains the baptismal entry of "Nathanael, son to Nath^o Hawthorne," in the year 1631. I copied the entry many years ago from the original.'

—Professor Ebers has a new novel in the press, in which he returns to his own field of Egyptology. It is entitled 'Serapis,' and, like Kingsley's 'Hypatia,' it is founded on the historical facts of the final struggle of heathendom against Christianity in Alexandria.

—'The Book-Lover: a Guide to the Best Reading' is the attractive title of a little volume which Professor James H. Baldwin has prepared for those who have time to gratify their inclination for reading. Professor Baldwin begins his book with some interesting chapters on how to choose books and how to read them. Then he gives some carefully prepared courses of reading which if one follows he cannot go far astray.

—The alumni of the Harvard Divinity School have gathered together the addresses and memorials delivered in honor of the late Professor Ezra Abbot, and published them in a neat volume, with a heliotype portrait of the professor.

—Tibbitts & Preston, of Providence, R. I., have brought out a new edition of Sarah Helen Whitman's 'Edgar Poe and His Critics,' which has been out of print for some time. All Poe's admirers who have not read this interesting vindication will be glad to know of its republication. A photograph from a daguerreotype of Poe, taken for Mrs. Whitman, accompanies this edition.

—'Vick's Floral Guide' comes to hand this year as punctually as usual.

—A bagful of historical documents, relating to the proceedings which led to the siege of Carlisle by the Scots after the battle of Marston Moor, has been found under a beam in the triforium of Carlisle Cathedral by some workmen who were making repairs. The documents bear the date 1642 and 1643, and they must have been hidden under the beam 240 years ago. They have been taken possession of by the Dean and Chapter, who intend to have them examined by experts.

—The most sumptuous gift-book on D. Lothrop & Co.'s list is Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality.'

—Of books recently issued by the Putnams, English editions have been provided for Weise's 'Discoveries of America,' Gindely's 'History of the Thirty Years' War' (translated by Ten Brook), Stevens's 'Gustavus Adolphus,' Nadaillac's 'Prehistoric America,' (translated by D'Anvers and edited by Dall), 'Prose Masterpieces from the Modern Essayists' (edited by G. H. Putnam), Mrs. Herrick's 'Wonders of Plant Life,' and 'The Woman Question in Europe' (edited by Theodore Stanton).

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 852.—Does anybody know who placed the letters of the Latin, and also of the English alphabet in their present order? It is not the same order as that in which the Greek or Semitic alphabets are generally written. But involves, apparently, a careful observation of the qualities of the letters. For if you take the four consonants, omitting sibilants, liquids, and what used to be called semi-vowels, you have left these twelve:

B	C (hard)	D
F (or Ph)	G	J (hard)
P	Q	T
V	X	Z (hard)

The first of these columns are all labials, the second are all gutturals, the third are all dentals. This could hardly have come by accident.

BOSTON, MASS.

[You should study Isaac Taylor's 'Alphabet,' and the authorities there quoted. In the table of corresponding successions presented above there is nothing that is not pure fancy, except the trio B, G (originally so, now C); D, which has often been conjectured to have an element of phonologic reason in it. In general, the order of our alphabet depends on that of the Phœnician, in combination with the modifications and additions which the latter has undergone on its way to us; and no one who has not studied this history should venture to put forth his ingenious conjectures on the subject.]

No. 853.—In which of George W. Cable's stories is there an account of a leper? It is said to be full of tenderness and pathos, without presenting the details of the revolting disease.

DETROIT, MICH.

G. H. SLATER.

['Jean-ah Poquelin.' Its characterization, as above, is just]

No. 854.—1. Please explain what is meant by 'The Government Whip.' 2. Whose portrait is that printed on the cover of *Blackwood's Magazine*? 3. Where can Bossuet's 'Variations of the Protestant Churches' be obtained in English? Has an answer to that work ever been written? If so, by whom? 4. The poem, 'The Little Boy that Died,' commencing 'I am all alone in my chamber now,' I have seen attributed to Dr. Thomas Chalmers, and also (in *The National Third Reader*, edited by R. G. Parker and T. M. Watson, N. Y., 1887) to J. D. Robinson. Who is the author? Did Dr. Chalmers ever write any poetry? 5. What has become of *The American Church Review*?

YATESVILLE, PA.

J. A. F.

[1. The Government Whip is the representative of the Prime Minister who summons his party to a division in the House of Commons.]

No. 855.—Are any of Balzac's works translated into English, and if they are, who publishes them, and at what price?

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

S. L. R.

['Contes Drolatiques' ('Droll Stories Collected from the Abbey of Touraine'), 'Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau' ('Cesar Birotteau'), 'Eugénie Grandet' ('Eugénie Grandet, or The Miser's Daughter'), 'Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale' ('Petty Annoyances of Married Life'), and 'La Recherche de l'Absolu' ('The Alchemist'). The last two were translated by O. W. Wright and B. F. Goodrich, and published by Rudd & Carleton, in 1861. The 'Droll Stories,' illustrated by Doré, is well-known in its English version.]

No. 856.—1. Have all the works of Phillips Brooks been reprinted in England? Do his sermons appear, week by week, in any periodical? 2. Has it ever been noticed that in one of the old-fashioned 'annuals' inaugurated by Alaric A. Watts, there is a poem by George Darcey, the title of which I am unable to recover,—bearing the closest resemblance, both in conception and expression, to Edgar Poe's 'Lenore'? Is this another instance of Poe's habit of free assimilation?

ELMGROVE, INVERNESS, SCOTLAND.

WILLIAM A. SIM.

['Sermons Preached in English Churches' is published in England by Macmillan & Co. His 'Lectures on Preaching' was published in London, and the first Series of 'Sermons' also, both in paper and in cloth. The other volumes of his writings have been sold there from this country, but not re-published. Mr. Brooks's sermons are not published weekly in any form.]

ANSWERS.

No. 822.—Turning now to the point of this question as originally asked, is not the answer to be found in the fact that truth, absolutely, and in itself alone, involves no feeling? Therefore 'yours truly' is most suitable to the communications of strangers, and such as deal with business matters. 'Yours sincerely' implies some feeling, though, like midwinter sunshine, it may be more in appearance than in reality. Hence 'yours faithfully' is better for the communications of friends whose mutual relations do not make 'yours affectionately' their most proper expression. 'Yours' by itself, unless excused by ignorance, should consider to be arrogant, as involving a claim of superiority to—or impertinent, as manifesting an indifference to, or a refusal of—the ordinary requirements of common courtesy.

FRANKLIN, PA.

H. L. Y.

No. 847.—Miss Ella Wheeler, that was, Mrs. Willcox that is. *The Current*, three or four months ago.

NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN E. MCCANN.

SAFETY FROM ACCIDENT is something that cannot be secured in this world; but the pecuniary results of accident can be guarded against very easily by buying an accident policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Only five dollars a year for all clerical or professional employments will secure five dollars per week indemnity in case of disabling injury, and \$2000 if death ensues therefrom.

